See Venice and Die

—Gerald Weales

THE

Commonweal

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by Harold C. Hinton

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

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by Martin Turnell

Volume LXIII, No. 13 December 30, 1955 Twenty Cents

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1955 in the U. S. A. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MUrray Hill 3-9685.

U. S. and Canada, $7.50 a year. Foreign, $9.50. Single copies 20¢.

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The Commonweal

week by week

LITURGICAL REFORM

AS Catholics celebrate the Feast of Christmas they are impressed again with the splendor of the liturgy of the Church. For Catholics the seasons of Advent and Lent, the feasts of Christmas and Easter, are the most meaningful of the liturgical year. Even the many non-Catholics who do not otherwise attend services but feel impelled to go to Mass on Christmas and Easter sense the depths of meaning which lie behind the elaborate ceremony and ritual.

For many years, however, some Catholics have believed that even many within the Church sense rather than grasp the significance of the liturgy as the worship given to God by the Mystical Body: by Christ the Head and by those who constitute the members of the Body. These Catholics have urgently called for reforms which would allow the faithful to participate more readily in this worship. They stress the fact that liturgical development has followed the development and clarification of dogma. The dogma remains immutable; the ritual, the outward form, which is the expression of faith in prayer, act and song, is subject to time and change. The reformers remind us that among the factors which mold the liturgy is the adaptation of forms of worship to the requirements of the time. To meet the needs of present-day Catholics important liturgical reforms were instituted by Pius X, and Pius XII has made further changes.

It is against this background that Catholics welcome the most impressive liturgical reforms of the last four hundred years. The recent decree issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites binds all Catholics following the Roman Rite and will go into force on Palm Sunday of 1956. These changes affect the entire Holy Week liturgy. First, the liturgical functions of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday *must* be held during the afternoon or evening. Second, Catholics will be able to receive Communion on Friday after the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified. Third, the Lenten fast and abstinence will end on midnight of Holy Saturday rather than at noon. Of the changes in the Palm Sunday liturgy, the most important will reduce the ceremony of the blessing of the palms and restore solemnity to the procession.

The introduction to the decree emphasizes the changing form of the liturgy. For many centuries the liturgical functions for Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday were held in the afternoons and evenings to parallel the actual time of the events they celebrated. The celebrations were gradually advanced until much of their original significance was obscured.

THE introduction emphasizes, however, that while historical reasons account for our present liturgy, the motives for present changes are of a pastoral nature. The changes were made in order that more of the faithful would participate in the commemoration of the Passion and Death of Christ. For many years, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Holy Week were public holy days and people were able to participate in the rites. Today, many schools and businesses are open during these days. Few people are free to attend the ceremonies of Holy Week. These rites have been long neglected and have gradually become unfamiliar to many Catholics. The new liturgical reform should bring Holy Week ceremonies and the people together once again.

This major reform should cause both clergy and laity to realize that the liturgy is not rigid, is not set for all time, but is always" "becoming." Perennially vital itself, the outward forms of gesture, rite and ceremony are subject to constant revision.

When Pius X was instituting his reforms he said that "an interval of many years must elapse before this temple of the liturgy may shine once more resplendent in dignity and beauty." The present reform is a part—a great part—of the effort to restore this dignity and beauty to the liturgical edifice which enshrines the greatest treasure, the Holy Eucharist—our Sacrifice and our Banquet.

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THE GIFTS FROM FORD

THERE was a magic wand quality about the news of the Ford Foundation's half billion dollar gift to the nation's private hospitals, colleges and universities and medical schools. Suddenly all these hard-pressed institutions found themselves somewhat better off. Some hundred and more of these colleges and universities, pioneers in their amelioration of faculty salaries, will receive an extra sum equivalent to half their annual faculty payrolls.

Great care has gone into the drawing up of these donations. The distinguished citizens who have served as advisors in this spectacular undertaking, the utilization of questionnaires and the restrictions on the use of these grants indicate the character of the planning. Each college and university is to use its grant for endowment purposes with the interest earmarked for raising faculty salaries. Hospitals for their part are required to spend the sums they receive for modernization or expansion purposes specifically, to do things that have often long been postponed for lack of funds. These sums are clearly intended to enable privately supported educational and medical institutions to perform a greater service.

What is the source of so much money? To begin with, profits from the sales of Ford cars, going back to the inimitable and durable Model T. The Ford Motor Company was closely held; it pioneered in low-priced cars and relatively high wages. Under the original Henry Ford it directed its employees with an iron hand, fighting the unions and opposing government "interference."

Profits from mass sales of low-priced cars have supplied the nucleus for the sums disposable by the Ford Foundation. But when some of the Ford stock, which supplies the Foundation's income, goes on the market early next year, the wealth of the foundation will be multiplied. A large part of this increase in wealth comes from the demand for the stock, from public confidence in the enterprise under its current and more enlightened management. Much of this new wealth is, in a way, actually created by the investing public. It is expected to increase still further.

The ideologically-minded European will have difficulty making head or tail of all this. He will be hard put to believe that there is not a catch somewhere. He must wonder what the Ford Motor Company and its executives plan to obtain from this nation's colleges and universities. He will hardly be satisfied with the explanation that at its most cold-blooded this will result in a stupendous accomplishment in public relations. Once such wealth has been amassed and is increasing, it is difficult to imagine a more conscientious way of putting it to good use.

NEXT WEEK

DONAT O'DONNELL presents some of his first-hand impressions of the French people.

"One who is accustomed to Irish or English or American children is likely at first to be puzzled, in the attitude of French schoolchildren, by the presence of something entirely novel: a genuine respect for intellectual attainments. The prestige of sport, and of what we vaguely call personality or character, exists no doubt for French children, but in a rather distant and secondary manner; the immediate concern is with one's own intellectual standing as measured by examination results. Those who get high marks are admired, those who get low marks despised, not only by their teachers and parents but by the children themselves."

THE "NEW" UN

THE recent admission of sixteen new nations to the UN will, in all probability, result in several new and unpleasant political realities for which the U.S. must be prepared.

By accepting as it did the membership package deal, the UN also accepted the principle of universality—the conviction that the purposes of the UN will be better served by offering membership to every nation rather than by attempting to base membership on unqualified approval of the government seeking admission. Thus defined, the principle of universality is obviously not a high-minded political instrument, but it alone could turn the rusty locks of the UN, which had been barred to new nations for over a decade.

A probable consequence of the new policy will be the admission of Red China, which the U.S. will be unable to block and hence must accept with as much grace and hard thinking as it can muster. When Japan applies again for admittance, the "freedom bloc" will probably find that Russia has raised the ante from Outer Mongolia to Communist China. While Mr. Lodge was galloping off in all directions on the inclusion of Outer Mongolia in the recent membership deal, Russia was carefully honing the horns of this particular dilemma, whereby the U.S. will have to permit the admission of Red China or block Japan.

The Russian strategy to seat Red China has been

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aided by the tactics of Nationalist China, which may find shortly that it has emerged from the membership crisis in the UN with little left beyond the plaudits for moral integrity heaped upon her by certain spokesmen for the American Right. It was her veto of Outer Mongolia and the other four Soviet satellites which wrecked the first package deal. This gave Russia the chance to come up with the second compromise and thus gain credit for ending the very membership block which Russia had created over the past ten years.

Nationalist China's veto of Outer Mongolia in the second membership deal precipitated the Russian veto of Japan. This intransigence of the Nationalists has earned them the hostility of the great majority of the nations within the UN, whose reprisals may well be to give the Peiping regime all of China's rights and privileges, including, perhaps, the veto.

To the chronicling of Russian success and Nationalist intransigence in the "new" UN must also be added, unfortunately, the ineptness of the U.S. delegation. We had aligned ourselves with the Formosan regime too loudly and too long to avoid incurring some of the general hostility directed toward it. Japanese Socialists, for example, stoutly maintain that the U.S. could have prevented the veto of Outer Mongolia and thereby the exclusion of Japan if Washington had chosen to bring stronger and more direct pressure on Formosa.

Again, the maneuvers of Mr. Lodge in the weeks before the membership package came to a vote can only be described as diplomatic antics rather than action. Initial all-out opposition to Outer Mongolia changed to acquiescence to its acceptance. This shift in attitude involved some embarrassing diplomatic postures, such as trying behind the scenes to muster votes for Outer Mongolia (which Mr. Lodge had publicly stated was unfit for UN membership) as well as having Mr. Eisenhower appeal directly to Chiang Kai-shek not to veto the applications of the Soviet satellites.

To add to the confused situation, Mr. Lodge ended by reviving his earlier effort to have everyone admitted to the UN except the Outer Mongolians. Subsequent events have made it abundantly clear that Mr. Lodge was always far more concerned about the Mongolians than the Russians were.

As a consequence of its pirouetting on this whole question, the U.S. delegation emerged with a reputation for neither lofty political principles nor effective practical politicking. We can only hope that its rather dismal performance will not be repeated in the crises that will inevitably arise as a result of the expanded membership of the UN.

SECRET CHARGES

WRITERS like Franz Kafka and George Orwell have combined to give us a disturbingly new image of horror—that of a man in an inhuman universe, accused of a crime which is never named by persons whom he never sees. It is tragic that the U.S. government is currently giving dimension to that inhuman world and transferring the image of horror from the realm of fiction to that of dread fact.

The Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights has recently declared that the government is denying cash benefits to more than two hundred and fifty former Korean War prisoners because secret charges of collaboration with the enemy had been brought against them by the Army. So serious are these charges that the subcommittee is currently inquiring whether or not the men are being branded as traitors without a proper trial.

A show of fairness is preserved by the provision that former war prisoners thus accused have a chance to obtain an appeal and have a hearing. The cruelly absurd flimsiness of this provision is revealed, however, by the fact that "the accused," while already presumptively convicted and punished by the withholding of money otherwise due to him, could not enter an effective appeal because his accusers would not be identified and "precise details" of the charges would not be given. And this nightmare world was created, not by a Kafka or an Orwell, but by the Department of the Army.

SPUR TO SOIL CONSERVATION

UNTIL our mountainous surpluses of farm products shrink materially, no real headway which is politically acceptable can be made in arresting the decline in farm income. Otherwise the pressure on prices will not let up. In buying surplus pork products for school lunch programs, charitable institutions and relief agencies, the Department of Agriculture is moving in the right direction—although not nearly far enough. The same is true of its recent decision to increase its donations of surplus grains to the principal private agencies engaged in distributing aid overseas.

It does make sense to curtail American production until usable farm surpluses above what is needed for adequate reserves can be distributed. That is why the "soil bank" plan comprises one of the most promising devices now advocated by farm organizations and political figures. It clearly stems from soil conservation programs set up by

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previous Administrations. It would compensate individual farmers up to five thousand dollars a year for the next ten years for withdrawing some twenty-five million acres from cash-crop cultivation and planting these acres in trees and grasses.

The immediate advantages would be an increase in farm income, protection against dust bowls, and much needed additions to the nation's grazing lands. For the future the "soil bank" plan has even greater importance. It is a means preparing for the greatly feared day when the world's greatly increased population will require much vaster amounts of foods and fibers. Here is a price-sustaining idea that is constructive in itself and consonant with a national sense of world stewardship.

THERMONUCLEAR DEMONSTRATION?

ATOMIC Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray is convinced that the present "policy of secrecy" in regard to atomic developments is outdated and inept. Speaking a few weeks ago at the golden jubilee dinner of the Fordham University Law School, Mr. Murray urged that the United States stage a public demonstration of a large thermoclear explosion, to be held at Eniwetok and to be witnessed by thousands of newspaper men and government representatives from nations all over the world. If this were done, Mr. Murray said, then "all the peoples of the world" rather than the present "handful of men" would fully understand that "man now has the power to put an end to his own history."

Although Mr. Murray's suggestion produced a flurry of newspaper stories, they did not last long. The other four members of the AEC, it seems, are opposed to the idea of a public demonstration, and this fact, regrettably enough, seems to have put an end to public discussion of the proposal. It is true enough that extreme care would have to be exercised in the way such a demonstration was handled. If other nations got the idea, for example, that the United States was putting on this demonstration purely as a show of national strength, they would naturally resent it, and in this event the effects could be bad. But if such a demonstration were coupled with a strong Presidential statement linking the demonstration with the cause of world peace, we are not at all convinced that Mr. Murray's idea is impracticable.

Many who automatically reject suggestions like this one seem to be pinning their hopes on the idea that nuclear war, if war does come, can be "limited." But considerable doubt does exist that limited nuclear warfare is actually possible, once hostilities begin. The Soviet leaders, of course, undoubtedly know already what thermonuclear weapons can do, and a public demonstration of this nature would not in itself change their ways. But even in their case the pressure of an aroused public opinion is something to be reckoned with, and a demonstration such as Mr. Murray suggested might have precisely this effect on world opinion. But the trouble is that most of us have learned to accept and live with—for the time being, at least—the idea of A-bombs and H-bombs. Mr. Murray, on the other hand, retains his horror at their deadly possibilities. And at this stage in history, we are inclined to think, this might be what the world needs more of—statesmen with a lively sense of horror.

TEETH AND POLITICS

AS IT happens, none of the editors of this magazine is blessed with a scientific bent. As a result, we have always steered clear of the controversy over fluoridation—a dispute, it should be noted, that has been much more heated than one would have dreamed any discussion of tooth decay could possibly get outside of a dental convention. But though we have feared to venture an opinion pro or con on the scientific aspects of this matter, we have long been interested in the political side of the controversy.

For some reason or other, the really spirited leaders of the fight against fluoridation have, by and large, been identified with right-wing political views. Judging from the literature we have seen, the chances are about nine out of ten that the opponent of fluoridating drinking water is also bitterly opposed to the UN in general and to UNESCO ("do-gooders") in particular, to liberal Republicans (or Democrats either, it goes without saying), to what is called either "creeping" or "galloping Socialism" and in some cases even to the income tax. Just why vigorous opposition to fluoridation should so often be merely one item in a complex of right-wing political dogmas we do not pretend to know; we merely note the facts for anyone who might care to explore the subject more thoroughly. But now that ten years of experimentation in New York seem to indicate that fluoridation really does cut tooth decay radically, there may be something here of practical political value. If the foes of fluoridation really feel as strongly as they seem to, perhaps in the years ahead one will be able to tell much about a parent's politics by a careful examination of his children's teeth.

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America's Role in Asia

"BEFORE WORLD WAR II, OUR FAR EASTERN POLICY WAS FORMED LARGELY BY LAWYERS WHO DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE REALITIES OF THE SITUATION"

HAROLD C. HINTON

HALF a century ago Captain Mahan defined American foreign policy in this way: in the Caribbean, domination; in Europe, abstention; in the Far East, cooperation. Cooperation is a fairly accurate word to describe our Far Eastern policy during the nineteenth century; we cooperated with the European powers, especially Britain, by passively riding their coattails. Although they did many things of which we did not approve, we were generally happy to get the benefit of their actions, with no risk and little effort, by means of the most favored nation clause which we had taken care to insert in our treaties with China and Japan.

The Open Door Policy was an outgrowth of the cooperative policy. It contained two principles: that of equality of opportunity for American trade in China with the trade of other nations, and that of the territorial and administrative integrity of China. Like the Monroe Doctrine, it was an idea of fundamentally British origin and was dependent on British cooperation for its implementation. It had no teeth at all; when the Japanese government asked ours in 1901 whether we were prepared to enforce it against Russian encroachments in Manchuria, Secretary Hay answered that we were not. We never fought in defense of the Open Door, in fact, until the Japanese attacked us in 1941.

There were only two major departures from the cooperative policy during the nineteenth century—the opening of Japan and the annexation of the Philippines. The fact that these were probably our two most important acts in Asia during this period hints strongly that the cooperative policy was not a very intelligent one.

The cooperative policy broke down almost completely in the early years of the twentieth century, mainly for the reason that the principal power with which we had been cooperating, Great Britain, formed an alliance with the leading offender against the Open Door, Japan. From about 1905 until 1945 our Far Eastern policy revolved around our effort to restrain the aggressiveness of Japan, and especially her encroachments on China. Our main weapon in the struggle against Japan on China's behalf was the weapon of non-recognition, the refusal to concede the legality or morality of situations which we felt infringed our rights. It was invoked twice: by Secretary Bryan in 1915, and by Secretary Stimson in 1932. Essentially, non-recognition was mere legalistic claptrap, and it had no practical effect whatever. Our present policy of not recognizing Communist China has much the same character.

OUR best policy during this period, and our best defense of China, would have been to encourage the two totalitarian powers of the Far East, Russia and Japan, to become embroiled with each other. We should have allowed Japan to take Manchuria without opposition, as a base against Russia, but have served warning that any advance south of the Great Wall or into Southeast Asia would be treated as a *casus belli*. We should have given all possible aid to the National Government of China under Chiang Kai-shek but forced it, by threatening to cut off the flow of aid, to introduce badly needed domestic reforms. Such a policy might well have driven the Japanese militarists, who were determined to expand, into Siberia, but it could have worked only between about 1933 and 1936; before then the Japanese were not ready, and afterwards the Russians were too strong. Machiavellian, you may say, and so it is, but the result could hardly have been worse than what we actually see now: Japan eliminated as a barrier to Russian expansion, and Russia stronger than ever.

Japan attacked us in 1941 precisely because we refused to allow her a free hand in China and Southeast Asia, but she did not do it until she had secured her rear by a neutrality pact with the Soviet Union, negotiated in April 1941. The revisionist argument that our government is somehow responsible for the outbreak of war with Japan is nonsense, unless you are prepared to maintain that we should have allowed the Japanese the free hand they wanted. The

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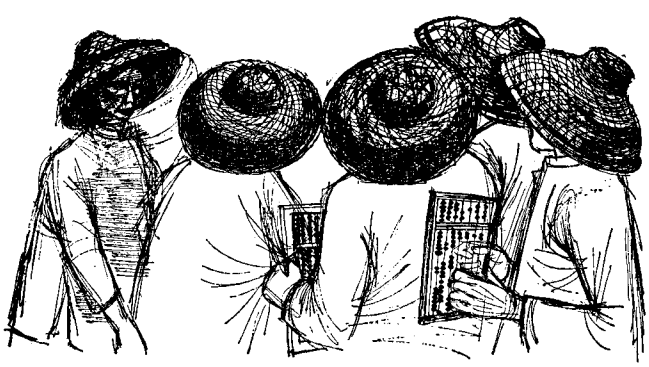
Japanese government decided on war in July 1941, at about the time when their assets in the United States were frozen in retaliation for their occupation of southern Indochina. The diplomatic discussions in Washington during the fall were a mere shadowplay.

Militarily we fought the war against Japan well, but as usual we made some serious political mistakes. The worst one, probably, was to overestimate the military and ideological value of China as an ally. As a result of this attitude we promised China Formosa and gave her a permanent seat on the Security Council. Think how much of our present diplomatic embarrassment we would have been spared if we had not done these two things. We also gave a great deal of military and economic aid to Chiang Kai-shek's government in spite of its poor showing against the Japanese.

Our exaggerated estimate of China stemmed mainly from our sentimental attachment to her, fostered by such things as China's obvious position as the underdog of Asia, the work of American missionaries in China, and the writings of authors like Pearl Buck. It was a commendable sentiment, but it was doomed to frustration because we never took the trouble to understand China.

BEFORE the Second World War, America's Far Eastern policy was formed largely by lawyers who did not understand the realities of the Far Eastern situation. What were these realities?

Asia has always been poor, but her poverty grew worse than ever during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when Western influence in the Far East was at its height. The West showed the



East that poverty could be eliminated, mainly through higher productivity, but it was held by many Asians to be largely responsible for the very existence of that poverty. Western colonialism in Asia failed economically because the West did very little to revolutionize the Asian economy and raise Asian productivity.

Politically the West taught the East about parliamentary institutions and democracy, but was very slow in putting them into practice in its own colonies. Furthermore, the West often violated its own principles; at Versailles, for instance, the United States and its European allies gave treaty sanction to the continued Japanese occupation of the important Chinese coastal province of Shantung, the birthplace of Confucius. Worse still, the Western powers and their nationals introduced the virus of racism into Asia, where it had been almost unknown before. Where Western parliamentary institutions were actually introduced into Asia, as in the pathetic Chinese Republic of 1912-28, they generally failed. The main political legacy of the West to the East seems to have been the virus of nationalism.

Asian nationalism found its most powerful expression in Japan, which in 1942 swept Southeast Asia free of Western colonialism, and all Asia free of any lingering belief in the inherent military superiority of Western nations, with an iron broom. This was an event of titanic importance, for it meant that the power of the West to influence the development of Asia would probably never again be decisive.

The rise of Asian nationalism is one important aspect of a worldwide revolt against economic and social privilege. Since Communism has fought privilege in Asia, and we have generally upheld privilege as a lesser evil than Communism, the power and prestige of the Soviet Union have risen drastically in Asia in recent years, and ours have declined.

CHINA'S contraction of Communism may well be the most important event in the history of Asia since the birth of the Buddha. The United States bears almost no responsibility for this catastrophe, which was far too gigantic to be produced wholly or mainly by any force operating from outside China's borders. We tried, not very intelligently and obviously not very effectively, to prevent it, but we certainly did not cause it. This is only the first of a number of cases in the postwar Far East in which we have tried to save a politically bankrupt ally from the consequences of his own stupidity and worthlessness. This cannot be done, no matter how much money or arms we pour in; all we can do is to supply what has been called the missing component in a basically sound situation.

Now we are confronted with a Communist regime in China, the first strong government China has known in a century and a half. The fact that it is strong, rather than the fact that it is Communist, gives it an immense attraction for non-Communist Asians, and especially for Chinese living in Southeast Asia. But it cannot act militarily outside its frontiers, except in Formosa, without losing most of this popularity. For the present, therefore, it will probably

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continue in the role which it has demanded and received from Moscow, of guiding and directing local Communist movements through the Far East.

Early in 1950, before the outbreak of the Korean war, the State Department was quietly preparing to recognize Communist China, but Chinese participation in the Korean war made this impossible. It is still impossible. In addition to the usual legalistic and moralistic arguments, there is the fact that recognition would confer increased prestige on Communist China at a time when its prestige is declining fairly rapidly among its own people as a result of food shortages, harsh labor discipline, purges of the Party leadership, mounting terrorism, and a lag in industrial construction. We might do well to announce that we would grant Communist China diplomatic recognition after a suitable interval and after she had satisfied certain conditions, such as a genuine recognition of the right of Chinese in Southeast Asia to choose local instead of Chinese citizenship.

Although in our occupation of Japan, as elsewhere in the postwar Far East, we acted unnecessarily high-handedly toward our British Commonwealth allies, we did a fairly good job of handling the Japanese. The important thing to remember is that for her own self-respect Japan will have to discard part of what we forced upon her. She has already done a good deal of this, and as long as the process does not go too far there is no reason for alarm. Economic distress and pro-Communist feelings among the intelligentsia make it quite possible that Japan may go Communist, in the distant rather than the near future. This would be a terrible catastrophe and we should of course do what we can to prevent it, by treating Japan with friendliness and always as an equal, lowering our tariff barriers to a reasonable level even if our "infant industries" scream their heads off, and by not prodding Japan to rearm faster than she wants to.

In Korea almost nothing has been done right, except to defend it. Our occupation of South Korea in 1945-48 was a mess, and thereafter we gave the Communists good reason to think that we would not defend it. We have tolerated the arbitrary and oppressive actions of the Rhee regime, which owes its very existence to us. We, or rather General MacArthur, invited Chinese intervention in the war, with which he was not prepared to deal, by crossing the 38th parallel without waiting for proper authorization. Having crossed the parallel and incurred Chinese intervention, we failed to do our utmost within the frontiers of Korea to win the war. Finally, we dominated the truce negotiations almost to the exclusion of our allies. After all these blunders, which were fairly bipartisan, we have seen the present Administration try to take credit for the truce.

The Formosa problem is another series of blunders. The first was when we committed ourselves in 1943 to return the island to China. The second was when we allowed the Kuomintang to reoccupy it in 1945. Thirdly, when Kuomintang misrule brought on a revolt in February 1947, and the Kuomintang drowned it in blood with arms which we had supplied, we failed to call the Kuomintang to account. Fourthly, we allowed the Kuomintang to transfer, not merely individual refugees, but their whole governmental apparatus there in 1949 and thereby to inflate the problem to its present impressive dimensions. Fifthly, we did not decide to defend the island from the Communists until after the outbreak of war in Korea, and only an epidemic of liver flukes among the Chinese Communist forces assigned to the invasion prevented its fall. Sixthly, we "unleashed" Chiang, early in 1953, in one of the cheapest and most contemptible political maneuvers in modern times. By now the question is so complicated that there seems to be no solution but to disregard all our existing commitments and start over. We might recognize the Kuomintang as the government of Formosa, which is as much a viable state as Ceylon is, take away its seat on the Security Council and either hold it vacant pending the appearance of a regime worthy to speak for China or transfer it to some other power such as India, and put pressure on the Kuomintang to relax its police dictatorship on the island as a condition of further American aid.

Indochina is even more complicated. There we have had to deal with another Kuomintang in the shape of a French colonial administration which has consistently acted with stupidity, brutality, and bad faith. The very name of France is a term of reproach in the mouths of patriotic Vietnamese. As in China, we were slow to realize the worthlessness of our ally and to try to find an alternate channel through which our policy could be implemented. This channel seems to be Premier Diem, whom we now have no choice but to support as the only Vietnamese leader with the slightest chance of forming a stable government. All attempts to undermine him, whether they emanate from Hanoi, Paris, or Cannes, should be resisted. He is entirely within his rights in refusing to be bound by the Geneva agreements, to which his government

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was not a signatory and which call for unified elections in all Vietnam by July 1956.

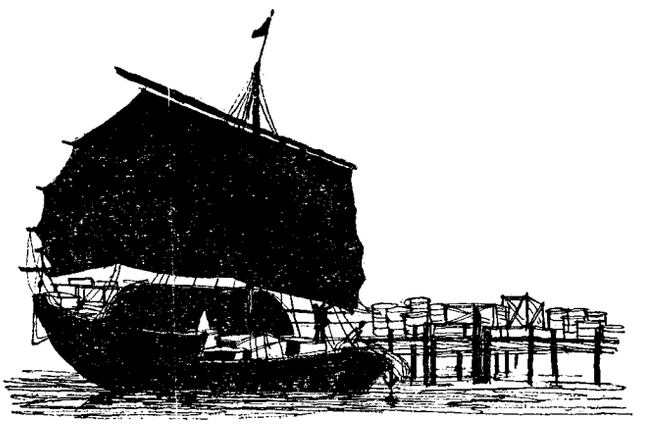
In addition to attending to these major trouble spots, our postwar Far Eastern policy has dealt with various other important matters, such as the enforcement of trade controls against China, technical assistance and economic aid, and the effort to create a regional system of collective security. Of these, only our technical and economic aid programs have had any important good effect. The embargo against China has tended to drive her even closer into the arms of Russia and embarrassed our relations with our allies, most of whom ban only the shipment of strategic goods to China, without doing China very much harm. If we removed the embargo, at least on non-strategic goods, China would still probably prefer to do most of her trade with the Soviet bloc—which she will be able to do entirely by rail in a few years, when railway lines now being built through Mongolia and Sinkiang are completed—but we might look a little less silly in the eyes of the world at large. We should at least reduce our trade restrictions against China to the level we apply against the rest of the Soviet bloc, as long as China does not go to war again.

Our efforts to build up a collective security system in the Far East have so far foundered on the suspicions which the Far Eastern nations feel for us and for each other. The mountain has labored and has brought forth a mouse in the shape of SEATO, a pact which has no teeth whatever and only three Asian signatories —Pakistan, Thailand, and the Philippines. Of these, only Pakistan has the slightest value to us as a military ally.

OUR present problem and task in the Far East are quite clear. We must do everything we can to help the newly independent states of East Asia maintain their independence and attain a reasonable level of prosperity. To do this we must prevent them from going Communist, if possible, since Communism is destructive of both freedom and prosperity. But is it possible?

We can certainly do a great deal to help prevent the nations in "the great arc of free Asia" from being overwhelmed by external attack, but very little to prevent them from going Communist on their own initiative if they decide to do so. There is probably at least a fifty-fifty chance that the whole Far East will go Communist within the next twenty years, and if a trend in that direction sets in there is very little we can do to stop it. The most effective thing we could do would probably be to deflate Communist China's prestige by defeating her in a major war, but this is a cure which might well prove to be worse than the disease. There are signs, fortunately, that Communist China may save the Far East, and perhaps the peace of the world, by deflating her own prestige through failure in her main present endeavor, her industrialization program.

The main danger spots at present are South Vietnam, Indonesia, Singapore, Nepal, and Afghanistan. Each of these is an essentially unstable area which is being subjected to considerable internal and/or external pressures radiating from Moscow or Peking. The most democratic and most nearly stable governments of East Asia—those of India, Ceylon, and Burma—are those which, next to the Communist countries, are least willing to follow the lead of the United States in international affairs. With a little tact, however, we could do much to secure what has been called their discriminating cooperation, and this cooperation would be of much more value to us than the comparative subservience of such disreputable national allies as South Korea, the Chinese Nationalists, and Thailand.



Our present stake in Asia is not strategic, in the sense that it does not seriously affect the defense of our own soil; that can be done much better with forces based elsewhere. Our stake in Asia is not primarily economic; our investments there are comparatively small, and we have developed satisfactory synthetic substitutes for practically everything of importance which Asia has to export to us. This is not to say that trade and aid to Asia are not a good thing, but merely that their main object is not and should not be our economic self-interest.

Our stake in Asia is essentially the same as our stake in any of the world's major regions. Our life expectancy in the atomic age is still probably greater than that of the Asian peasant in his pre-industrial age. Unless we can help him to attain a political and economic level worthy of his spiritual and cultural heritage, we cannot expect his understanding of, and cooperation in, the worldwide problems which we face. Our stake in Asia is our stake in the future of half of mankind.

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History in the Making

JOHN C. CORT

AT roughly ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, December 5, 1955, George Meany and Walter Reuther together seized a massive gavel, brought it down together, and together brought to life the new united labor federation, henceforth to be known as the AFL-CIO.

Some fifteen hundred delegates and several thousand visitors, packed into the 71st Regiment Armory in New York, applauded with enthusiasm but by no means wildly. About thirty press tables down front were filled, two scaffolds of TV and movie cameras ground away on either side, and in front of the rostrum scores of photographers climbed on each other's backs popping flashbulbs and shouting for "one more."

As Meany put it, it was maybe "the most important trade union development of our time," or as Adlai Stevenson put it later in the week, it was "one of those eventful points in time when history and destiny seem to meet," and at that moment on Monday morning anybody in that vast hall who didn't feel the history in the air must have been thick-skinned indeed.

A few minutes later Walter Reuther was speaking in his old clean-cut, inspirational way and going over big. This was surprising to some of the more cynical observers present, first, because it was pretty much the same speech he has been giving all over the country for years past, and second, because it was known that many of the brethren from the AFL took a dim view of Reuther as a kind of young upstart with leftist ideas.

But the former CIO president gave them the conservative version of the old speech and wound up, "I say to George Meany, 'George, this is a great new beginning. You will lead the American labor movement to higher and higher levels of achievement. You will enable the labor movement to make a greater and greater contribution to the whole of America and the free world. And I pledge to you, George, with all of my heart, that those of us who share in the leadership of the CIO shall stand with you, and together with your colleagues from the AFL we shall fight together, we shall march together, we shall build together, and we shall win together that better tomorrow for the American people."

And everybody arose and applauded what was undoubtedly the oratorical and personal triumph of the day, compounded out of the deep emotion of the moment, Reuther's own considerable charm and sincerity plus a few wishful-thinking clichés which seemed to express what most of those present were feeling. Then Reuther, with perhaps too fulsome praise, nominated Meany to be president of the new organization. His election was unanimous and Meany, a big, dour, but intelligent, straight-forward and generally likeable type, took over the gavel and delivered a speech which was almost as well received by the CIO delegates as Reuther's had been by the AFL.

IT was obvious that Meany was still smarting from the crack made by Mike Quill, president of the Transport Workers Union, during the CIO convention the previous week, when Quill, fighting the merger, described Meany as "a little to the left of Senator Knowland."

Meany proved that he was well to the left of Knowland and most of the Democratic senators as well. I liked his attack on "men who call themselves statesmen . . . a good many of whom call themselves Christians . . . and still who defy, in the interest of white supremacy, a decision of the United States Supreme Court in regard to desegregation."

I liked also his warning to the power-conscious type of labor leader: "Let us not think in terms of personal prestige, of having a big union for the sake of having a big union. Let us not think in terms of a great big financial struggle and of great power. Let us think in terms of the simple philosophy of those who founded this movement, of advancing the cause of the workers."

(One of those present, the amiable Jimmy Hoffa, the several-times-indicted-but-never-convicted rising power in the Teamsters' Union, told a reporter later that day as he cast his eye somewhat scornfully around the Armory, "This place is full of guys who are satisfied to go on making 120 bucks a week for the rest of their lives.")

I was also impressed by Meany's answer to Senator Goldwater and other Republicans who have been saying that labor is girding itself to take over politically

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and should be hamstrung now before it is too late. Said Meany: "Our political philosophy is to inform our own people on the issues that they have before them, and in particular on the issues that affect their lives and their daily work. Are the members of the United States Senate opposed to an intelligent electorate?"

In keeping with this philosophy the convention set up a Committee for Political Education, hereafter to be known as COPE, which might seem to have a different objective from the CIO's Political Action Committee. But Meany made it clear that the difference is more apparent than real when he warned labor's enemies that the new federation would be "no milk-toast affair" and that "we have a right and a duty to meet those who are opposed to us wherever they present the challenge."

After the historic excitement of Monday morning the convention slipped into a growing mood of anti-climax. On that first afternoon President Eisenhower spoke to the convention by telephone and everyone arose politely and applauded the empty rostrum. What he said was friendly but not enthusiastic or specific, indicating that he does not share the extremism of Goldwater but does share his nervousness that labor will mobilize the workers' votes more effectively on the Democratic side than it has been able to do in the past.

ON Tuesday everybody listened to the attractive but somewhat inarticulate Governor of New York, Averell Harriman, who convinced all present that he may not have announced his intention of running for the Democratic nomination, but that he was nevertheless running about as hard as a man can run.

Harriman's policy of "immoderation" was evident in his all-out bid for labor's support by supporting labor's demands up and down the line and also in his lengthy critique of the Eisenhower Administration for not being sufficiently anti-Communist. The speech was well-received, but as a reporter next to me at the press table put it while we measured the after-speech applause, "I don't see any riot."

After Governor Harriman had gone, the convention slipped back into anti-climax and the only excitement was in what went on behind the scenes. At lunchtime Dave Beck, overlord of the mighty Teamsters, set up for the press in the Vanderbilt Hotel what another reporter referred to as a "soup-and-Manhattan kitchen." He was not well-received by the scribes, who peppered him with needling questions about his alliances with the International Longshoremen's Association, expelled from the AFL for corruption, and with the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, expelled from the CIO for Communism. Beck, for all his bulk, ducked and dodged and made with the footwork about as nimbly as anyone could under the embarrassing circumstances.

Most of the discussion was on Beck's attempt to take his 1,200,000 members bodily into the new Industrial Union Department, which had been set up within the combined federation to make a home for the CIO unions and give some important-sounding jobs to Walter Reuther and Jim Carey, president and secretary-treasurer of the CIO. At first Beck wanted all-or-nothing. Then he asked for 700,000. Finally, after Meany had laid down the law at a special meeting of the new executive council (nineteen members from the AFL and ten from the CIO), Beck agreed to accept Meany's ultimatum of 400,000.

It was a handy little incident in more ways than one. It proved simultaneously that Meany was master in labor's new house and that Beck's bluffs can be called without undue damage to anybody. It also dramatized the Industrial Union Department, with the interesting upshot that when Reuther presided over a special meeting of the department Wednesday night some thirty-five AFL unions joined thirty-one CIO organizations with all or part of their memberships (those organized along vertical or "industrial" lines) and Reuther wound up representing 7,000,000 workers or nearly half of the new federation's membership of 15,000,000—far more than he ever represented in the CIO. But what exactly the new department is going to do nobody seemed to know, and maybe it was nervousness about this question which brought so many AFL unions into it.

On Thursday morning the delegates were all back in their seats and the galleries and press tables filled up again for the appearance of Adlai Stevenson. The contrast with Harriman was striking, since Stevenson far excels him as a speaker. He has more poise on the platform, a natural, extemporaneous wit that gives his speeches life and charm, and also the unusual gift of being able to read a speech without letting it drone. And what he reads is prose of distinction.

I think a big reason for the rapt concentration and the several ovations that the AFL-CIO delegates gave Stevenson lies in the fact that they, too, have wrestled with the problems of rhetoric and hence recognized a master of the art when they saw one.

What Stevenson said was only lightly marked by his now famous "moderation," a word which strikes me as a masterpiece of political strategy on the part of one who started his campaign with an undeserved but widespread reputation of being slightly pink.

As he admitted himself, most of what he said had been said at least twice before during the convention. Stevenson just said it much better than anybody else

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had been able to say it before him. And it was partly in grateful tribute to his gift of eloquent expression that the delegates rose and cheered him at the end. There could be no doubt that the former Governor of Illinois is still labor's favorite candidate for the Presidency. And it is my own impression that if Eisenhower doesn't run, and maybe even if he does, Stevenson will make it.

ON the last day of the convention, Thursday, I skipped Eleanor Roosevelt's address and went uptown to drop in on another convention, that of the National Association of Manufacturers, in the plushier confines of the Waldorf Astoria.

It is not true, as some have claimed, that it is now difficult to tell a union delegate from an NAM delegate. Beck could have fitted in perfectly, but for the most part the manufacturers were handsomer, better dressed, and notably more polite than the boys down in the Armory.

In the grand ballroom there was a dim, almost religious light and a hush to match, with all eyes and ears focused on a kind of pulpit spotlighted against an empty platform and a backdrop of silhouetted skyscrapers and factories. In the pulpit stood Cola Parker, the newly-elected president of the NAM and head of Kimberly-Clark, Inc., a Wisconsin corporation which my neighbor described as "the largest maker of paper products in the world."

What Mr. Parker was saying was the most appalling mish-mash of unregenerated reaction and labor-baiting I have heard in many years. No distinction was made between the Eisenhower Administration and the New and Fair Deals, but all were lumped together in one anathema as Mr. Parker lamented that "we're already well on our way to the achievement of the Communist state as blueprinted by Karl Marx." Among the roadmarks proving this fact, Mr. Parker cited "a heavy progressive or graduated income tax" and "free education for all in public schools."

Mr. Parker further lamented, "As businessmen, we can't hire anyone we choose. The men we hire must belong to this or that union." This statement is not only untrue, but reveals an amazing ignorance of the Taft-Hartley Act on the part of such an exalted leader of American industry. The Act outlaws the closed shop, the condition Mr. Parker was describing in his speech. Only the union shop is now legal in thirty states that still don't have open-shop laws. Under the union shop provision employees may be hired anywhere, but must pay dues to the union after thirty days.

The next day Meany visited the NAM convention and gave a short, conciliatory talk which tried to reassure the nervous industrialists that labor was not going to take over the halls of either government or industry. He was rewarded with a slashing attack on the labor movement in general and the new AFL-CIO in particular by Charles R. Sligh, Jr., board chairman of the NAM. Afterwards, in the presence of newspapermen, Meany and Sligh engaged in a heated and slightly bitter exchange.

If they had planned it all from the beginning, the gentlemen of the NAM could never have made their point so well, a point which badly needed to be made at this time, when even reasonable people are worried about labor's new-found bigness.

That point is this, that what happened again at the Waldorf proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that what happened at the Armory is good and necessary, and long overdue.

MOVIEGOERS AS TOURISTS

See Venice and Die

GERALD WEALES

THE critical reception of "Summertime," David Lean's film version of "The Time of the Cuckoo," is an indication that more than the movie makers have become possessed by the spirit of James A. Fitzpatrick. The reviewers, who should be screaming for exorcism, for the most part accepted the film at its own unflattering valuation, tepidly acknowledging the weakness of the story, lavishly praising the Venetian background. For instance, Bosley Crowther in the New York *Times* began his review with an apostrophe to Venice, and then, after venturing a few critical remarks, pulled himself up short with the innocuous comment, "And there is Venice, which itself defies logic!"

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There must be many people who enjoy looking at a moving picture of the Piazza San Marco with the pigeons reeling skyward whenever the bells ring, but this quite justifiable pleasure is hardly reason enough for Mr. Lean, who directed "Great Expectations" and "Brief Encounter," to substitute the Piazza for continuity, movement, emotion—for the film, in short. The Arthur Laurents play managed to make its effects

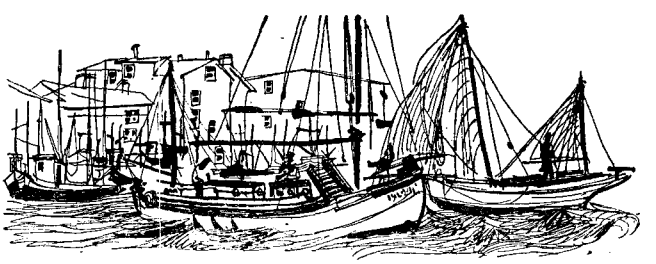
without ever taking the audience outside the courtyard of the *pensione* where the American spinster was staying. Judicious use of the Venetian background could have heightened the pathos of Jane Hudson's search for romance, for the fact of Venice is, after all, relevant to her quest; yet the excessive shots of the city ended by smothering her little story which was meager enough to start with.

This preoccupation with background, the ritual sacrifice of the film to its setting, is certainly not new with "Summertime." An increasing number of directors are being bemused by the beauty, the warmth or the exoticism of the city or country in which they happen to be filming. As a result, potentially good films are deformed by the addition of handsome but irrelevant material, and an increasingly large number of pictures with no potential at all, simple skeletons hidden by graceful photography of interesting scenery, are being released.

The worst offender in the retreat to the travelogue is probably "Three Coins in the Fountain," a confection that packed houses last year. In that one, you remember, three American girls in Italy—Italy gets pole position in most of the cinematic travel folders —chase their bromidic loves around authentic fountains. The scenes are extremely beautiful; they made old Venetian visitors hungry to return and made people who had never set foot in Italy consult reputable travel agents. But they have absolutely nothing to do with the three-little-girls-from-school-are-we plot of the movie. Since there is nothing in that plot that could possibly interest anyone but a girl of twelve, those customers who were seduced into going were so gratified with the shots of Venice that they imagined they had been to a good movie, went out and talked all their friends into going, forcing them into the same heady ambivalence. If the film had been advertised as a travelogue, the producers would have been more honest, but in that case it might have drawn admirers of the genuine travel film who would have resented the presence of the young ladies, the way the average sensitive man resents the returned tourist who insists on showing a series of European landmarks slightly obscured by the presence of his wife and children in the foreground.

THIS reduction of the film to the travel poster, which has been exacerbated by the new film techniques, the competition of television and the economics of film distribution, has actually been going on for a long time. Since the labels "filmed on location" and "authentic background" first appeared, movie makers have been torn between the old-fashioned intention to shoot a film and the desire to make as much use as possible of the setting, once the investment in it has been made. The latter has been winning with increasing frequency. If a producer ships to Africa, Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, two directors, a host of supporting players, a mass of technicians, cameras, film and enough incidental supplies to support an infantry company on bivouac, he is almost certain to turn out something like "King Solomon's Mines," a handsome safari through the dark continent in which even Rider Haggard would have had difficulty finding the plot.

The new film processes have accelerated the picture postcard side of filmmaking simply because they are more adaptable to the panoramic shot than they are to the intimate scene. It is understandable that the practitioners of the new processes want to use them most advantageously. It is also understandable that the filmmakers want to show the television industry and the public that movies have it all over television when it comes to the presentation of tourist attractions. It is even understandable that Hollywood wants



to use up its frozen European assets and incidentally to take advantage of the cheap labor in countries such as Italy by shooting films abroad. Eventually, however, the customers are going to tumble to the basic vapidity of the melodrama-cum-travelogue, just as the London theater-goers fifty years ago finally decided that the Drury Lane spectacles were nonsense, that a play is more than elaborate scenery.

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THE STAGE

HELLO DOWN THERE!

HUYSMANS *à la bas* and Gorki rooting about in the lower depths are not a patch on our contemporary hagiographers of the seamier side. Consider Mr. Michael Gazzo whose play, "A Hatful of Rain" (*at the Lyceum*), is having something of a success of shock. Mr. Gazzo's 'subject' is dope addiction, an issue of some notoriety and concern and much personal grief, and his sad little anonymous lower class milieu is drawn with the authority of observation. But beyond these obvious surfaces, what can one say Mr. Gazzo's play is *about?* If the function of drama is to tell us something new about human beings in extremity, "A Hatful of Rain" may be said to fulfill part of the equation: decidedly, its characters lead lives of noisy desperation. But "something new?" One knows from the moment he is introduced that there is no future for Mr. Gazzo's addict but the narcotics ward, and it is intolerable to record that melancholy progress unless for the purpose of a larger illumination and truth.

It should not be necessary at this point to state what is, of course, obvious: that I am suggesting no limitation on the subject matter available to art. "Oedipus Rex" deals with incest, but it is *about* incest to the same degree that *Moby Dick* is a guide to catching whales. My difficulty with "A Hatful of Rain" is that the play implies no further dimension: Mr. Gazzo obviously writes out of a fundamental human concern, and not as the propagandist of a smug social welfare, but altogether his work wants deepening and darkening in tone, a richer palette, a finer texture of life. "Its extremes in details and motivation," as Mr. Stark Young once wrote of a rather similar drama, "go quite beyond its substance . . . tremendous forces out of life are invoked and are managed with great boldness, but both these forces and this boldness remain to a considerable extent incidental . . . they are superficially rendered."

None of which may be taken to deny the play its occasional stinging theatrical presence, and two most distinguished performances. To the mutely anguished character of the wife, Miss Shelley Winters brings some of that bruised, drab pathos of lower class life which made her playing in the film of the Dreiser novel, *An American Tragedy,* so desolately affecting. In the only role of the drama which may be said to be *written*—I imply some dilation and flux of consciousness—Mr. Anthony Franciosa gives a fluent, even passionate, performance, tangible and dense: one is watching here the confirmation and extension of a talent of unimpeachable power and interest. As the addict, trapped most horribly, Mr. Ben Gazzara makes the dullest effect: his particular crooning monochromatic tension loses novelty with each exhibition, and the quality of his imagination shows no perceptible development in range or depth.

MR. GAZZO, however, is Dostoevsky to those Bobbsey Twins of the musical scene, Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein. In "Pipe Dream" (*at the Shubert*), their new and interminable elegy of bourgeois platitudes, Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein upend the scummy garbage pails of Mr. John Steinbeck's Cannery Row to disclose the violets by the mossy stone, half hidden from the eye. Among the local varieties of life animal, vegetable and mineral: Fauna, a flora such as only California in its sunniest extravagance could produce, and the Madam of a brothel which shows every evidence of being a local chapter in good standing of the American Youth Hostels; a marine biologist of diverse talents with a taste for speculation on the mysteries of being (he is certain that the vulture and the octopus are here for some benign, however occult, purpose), and an obstreperous juvenile delinquent who discovers her identity by repairing to an abandoned boiler in the second act and making of it a modish little underground apartment.

The fatuity of "Pipe Dream" is deep and enervating, and leaves one with scarcely the energy to arraign its banalities. I would note, however, that we have again slipped here into the boozy bog of sentimentality which Mr. William Saroyan has made so comfortably his own. Yet a vein of raffish lyricism and mulish integrity, however unreflective, runs through Saroyan's work which is not congenial to Mr. Steinbeck or Mr. Hammerstein: for Saroyan, the Inspector from the Vice Squad will always be Public Enemy #1, but in "Pipe Dream" one may almost be certain he will end up buying coffee for those princely chaps from the flophouse. The exaltation of respectability which makes the music drama of Rodgers and Hammerstein so characteristic of its time and place is again potently at work in "Pipe Dream," but rarely has this other note been played with such ominous insistence.

The score for the musical is rigidly confined to a trivial melodic pattern, but Mr. Rodgers is no booby of course, and he has written at least two numbers with all his soft, professional charm: I liked, too, the randy "Bums' Opera," an oasis of high spirits among so many deserts of turgid piety. Mr. William Johnson plays the meditative biologist with a wisely self-effacing tact. Miss Helen Traubel, Brunnhilde on a tear, adds to the commonness of the role her own concentrated vulgarity: there is nothing more dismaying on Broad-

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way at the moment than this performance from which every trace of aesthetic feeling seems to have been elided. The heroine of the musical (that lady of the boiler) is played by a sullen ingenue who has come up the hard way and means us to *know* it. If I may end with a seasonal observation, let me note that this world still shows evidences of faith and hope: sight unseen and music unheard, some undisclosed numbers of people made Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein merry with the jingling bells of an advance sale of one and one-half million dollars.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

ARM IN A SLING

OTTO PREMINGER has made quite a cinema splash through the years both as producer-director (the indelicate "The Moon Is Blue" and the brilliantly sophisticated "Laura") and as an actor (the prison commandant in "Stalag 17"). He is currently the producer-director of two major films.

"The Man with the Golden Arm" has already created excitement by being denied a seal of approval by the Motion Picture Code because its subject matter is taboo: its main character takes narcotics. Furthermore, Federal authorities are concerned because this drug addict cures himself with the help of only a very sympathetic and resolute girlfriend. The picture itself, although handsomely produced and exceedingly well acted by a fine cast under Mr. Preminger's direction, is likely to stir up somewhat less excitement—mainly because it is unrelievedly grim and almost without a likeable character in the script, written by Walter Newman and Lewis Meltzer from Nelson Algren's novel.

Everything happens to poor Frankie (this confusion of names is unfortunate: Frankie is played by Frank Sinatra in what is the best and most serious portrayal of his career). Supposedly cured of the drug habit after six months in a prison narcotics-hospital, Frankie returns to the Chicago slum where he lives with his nagging, self-centered, "crippled" wife. We soon learn, although Frankie doesn't, that her incapacity is only a trick she uses to hold her husband, who thinks he is responsible for her being confined to a wheelchair. Having learned to play the drums while in prison, Frankie tries to get a job as a drummer, but is frustrated by his whining wife and his growing interest in the girl downstairs. Forced to return to his nerve-wracking job as card-dealer in a gambling house, Frankie goes back on the "junk"—which the neighborhood peddler is only too glad to supply at a considerable fee. From then on, Frankie is caught in an unholy whirl of cause and effect.

Sinatra's first-rate performance is well supported throughout by Eleanor Parker, somewhat miscast, as the wife whose villainy is hard to believe; Kim Novak as the sympathetic girlfriend who attracts weak characters like Frankie and the alcoholic John Conte; Darren McGavin as the sinister peddler; Arnold Stang as Frankie's devoted friend who is always in trouble with the law; Robert Strauss, Doro Merande, George Mathews and many others. Elmer Bernstein's music and Sam Leavitt's black-and-white photography are particularly effective and add much to the artistry of "The Man with the Golden Arm." Otto Preminger has made a daring film—but for whom?

I DON'T know which movie Otto Preminger directed first: "The Man with the Golden Arm" or "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell." In any case, the first part of the Billy Mitchell film has a tired air—as if its director were bored with the whole thing before it ever started. We see scene after scene in the early Twenties with Gary Cooper as Mitchell fighting with the Army and the Navy for a better Air Force. We listen to endless talk about the shortsightedness of Congress and the General Staff, who do not realize that the next war will be fought in the sky. Then Mitchell becomes outraged by the growing number of fliers killed in dilapidated planes, and denounces the Navy and War Departments for negligence.

The film finally comes alive with the court-martial scene. Scriptwriters Milton Sperling (who also produced) and Emmet Lavery were forced by their subject to write a very wordy screenplay, and, on the whole, have been quite successful. It is unfortunate, however, that Director Preminger could not have drawn a livelier performance out of Gary Cooper. Since the role of Billy Mitchell practically carries the story, the portrayal needs more than Gary's charm and bland manner. Even during the courtroom scenes, which Mr. Preminger builds with mounting suspense, Gary Cooper behaves somewhat like an uninspired Joan of Arc waiting for the inevitable martyrdom.

This is due in part to the spirited performances turned in by Charles Bickford as the presiding general at the court-martial; Ralph Bellamy as Congressman Reid of Illinois, serving as Mitchell's civilian counsel; Elizabeth Montgomery as a widow whose husband (Jack Lord) died in a dirigible disaster; and especially Rod Steiger as an Army prosecutor who cross-examines Mitchell as if he were a criminal. Perhaps if this film had been shortened to the court-martial scenes with a few brief flashbacks, it would have had more power, both as a drama and as a deserved tribute to "Fighting Billy Mitchell."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Proust's Early Novel

MARTIN TURNELL

OUR age is often called an age of criticism. It might with even greater truth be called an age of research. There never was an age with such a passion for digging up the literary remains—the letters, diaries, memoirs, juvenilia and early drafts—of famous authors. During the past five years the pace seems to have quickened. A famous scholar has published a fresh version of *Madame Bovary* in which he has diligently restored all the material deliberately discarded by the novelist. Four more volumes have been added to the Conard edition of Flaubert's correspondence, which was supposed to be complete. The ten volumes of Stendhal's correspondence, which already contained a goodly quantity of official dispatches written from Civita-Vecchia, have been swelled by four volumes of letters written to the Master by his friends.

It would be interesting to discover the reasons for this universal scraping of the barrels. Is it due to excessive piety or to the selfish hope that posterity will do the same for us? Is it an attempt to atone for the iconoclasm of the past or is it simply the scholar's delight in the use of improved tools? Nothing of course can replace Jane Austen's letters sedulously destroyed by the austere Cassandra, or Baudelaire's correspondence with Jeanne Duval burnt by the appalling Madame Aupick in a last attempt to make her incomprehensible son look respectable. Nor are the remains that we do succeed in salvaging always impressive. For years admirers of Benjamin Constant fulminated over the pages of the diary which were held in tenacious private hands, or speculated excitedly over the lost novel—that legendary sequel to *Adolphe*. Yet when the indefatigable Monsieur Gaston Gallimard secured publication rights in both, it was evident that there was nothing very momentous in the pages added to the diary, and *Cécile* was the great European literary "flop" of 1951.

It is a strange thing that in such an age an early work by a European master running to some 300,000 words should have remained undiscovered for nearly thirty years. Yet this is precisely what happened to Proust. His executors were aware of the existence of the manuscript of *Jean Santeuil,* but assumed that it did not contain a "consecutive work." M. André Maurois drew heavily on Proust's unpublished note books when writing his biography, but was apparently in too much of a hurry or too indolent to make a thorough examination of the material, and the novel was eventually brought to light by M. Bernard de Fallois, who was given access to Proust's papers when preparing a thesis on the novelist.

Jean Santeuil is unquestionably the novel to which Proust refers in two letters that he wrote to his mother and Marie Nordlinger in 1896 and 1899. M. de Fallois thinks that it was written between 1896 and 1904, but as the book closes with the old age of Jean's parents and as Dr. Adrien Proust died in 1903 it is at least possible that Proust stopped work on it a year or two earlier. It was certainly laid aside without revision and probably never touched again. M. de Fallois has not given us the complete text. He has constructed, with great patience and skill, a consecutive narrative from the mass of material at his disposal. There are, inevitably, gaps in the story, inconsistencies in the names of the characters, and the chronology is as confusing as that of *Remembrance of Things Past,* but the book (now available in Mr. Gerard Hopkins' admirable translation) is still a pleasure to read.

"You can say everything on condition that you never say I," Proust once remarked to Gide. He always denied that he was the narrator in *Remembrance of Things Past,* and nothing made him angrier than attempts by his friends to discover the "originals" of his characters. "You read me and find yourself resembling Odette," he said crossly in a letter to Laure Hayman, the celebrated *demi-mondaine.* "It's enough to make one give up writing books."

In *Jean Santeuil* he used the device of "the manuscript found in a bottle." The book is supposed to be an autobiographical novel written by a famous novelist and published posthumously by a youthful admirer. "Should I call this book a novel?" he asks disarmingly in the epigraph. "It is something less, perhaps, and yet much more, the very essence of my life, with nothing extraneous added, as it developed through a long period of wretchedness. This book of mine has not been manufactured: it has been garnered." The subterfuge is transparent: Proust is the

Mr. Turnell, a frequent contributor to The Commonweal, is the author of The Novel in France and Baudelaire.

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novelist and his principal character. *Jean Santeuil* is the story, told indeed in the third person, of the childhood, youth and entry into society of the son, not of a doctor, but of a high official at the Foreign Office. It corresponds in the main to what we know of Proust's home life and his brilliant social connections.

ONE of the great virtues of *Remembrance of Things Past* is the skill with which the novelist holds the balance between fiction and what he calls "the memoirs of Saint-Simon of another period." The two elements are present in *Jean Santeuil,* but they are much less closely interrelated. For the novel has no unifying theme. It consists of "memoirs" divided into a large number of short chapters held together only by the personality of the principal character and the period to which they relate. The memoirs are often delightful. Proust writes of his parents with deep affection and understanding, and at much greater length than in *Remembrance of Things Past;* he is also much franker about the quarrels over his friends than he was when writing after their deaths. There is an exquisite vignette of his professor of philosophy. The descriptions of the jealousies and intrigues of high society—particularly Madame Marmet's social climbing and Madame Cresmeyer's disastrous dinner-party—are scarcely inferior to the most brilliant pages of *Remembrance of Things Past;* but the direct presentation of the Dreyfus Affair is far less impressive than its indirect presentation in the later book.

It has been said that *Jean Santeuil* was a sketch for *Remembrance of Things Past*. This is misleading. There are obvious similarities between the two books because they are both autobiographical, but they are separate works. This early novel is not so much a sketch for the later as Proust's first attempt to write the masterpiece that he felt he had been born to write, and it was discarded as a failure.

It is a curious fact that the similarities between the books emphasize their differences. Jean's childish infatuation for Marie Kossichef, the forerunner of Gilberte Swann and like her a portrait of Marie de Bénardaky, is described with a simplicity and charm which are very different from the much more complex presentation of the same incident in *Remembrance of Things Past*. There are other striking differences. There is a maternal grandfather, but no grandmother. There is no Swann, but Swann's attempt to catch his mistress out with another man and to decipher the letter she has given him to post are ascribed to Jean. This lends color to the view that both Swann and the narrator of *Remembrance of Things Past* are both partial portraits of the novelist. What happens in fact in the later book is that Jean divides into two distinct persons—into the dilettante who is swallowed up in "lost time" without writing his book on Vermeer, and the great artist who succeeds in reaching that other dimension of time and achieves a new vision of reality. There is no Charlus, but there is the Vicomte de Lomperolles who has the same tastes and, like Charlus, becomes involved with an unscrupulous young musician. Bergotte is there, but he is the painter who will emerge as Elstir. Jean's great friend, Henri de Réveillon, will be transformed into Robert de Saint-Loup, and his relations into the two branches of the Guermantes family. Once again there are differences of emphasis. Proust was already a social analyst of genius, but the Réveillons were created before he became a recluse and developed his rancorous attitude towards the nobility. The Duc and Duchesse de Réveillon stand for all that was most gracious and civilized in the old aristocracy.

An examination of the style of the book is instructive. It does not possess the richness and complexity of *Remembrance of Things Past,* but it has a freshness and directness which are often found in the early work of a great writer. The lilacs bloom and fade with even greater frequency than in the later novel, but they are without the haunting poetry and the symbolic power of the dead lilacs at Combray which are a prelude to Montjouvain and the Cities of the Plain. The *petite phrase* is heard for the first time, but it is attributed directly to Saint-Saens instead of being an amalgam of the work of several composers, and it does not recur like the theme-song of the later book. The novelist appears at one moment to be on the verge of discovering 'involuntary memory,' but the great themes of 'time lost' and 'time regained' belong to the future, while sexual abnormality makes only a fleeting appearance.

There are the long Proustian sentences, the abundance of images, the massed verbs and contrasting adjectives—two devices borrowed from Flaubert and Anatole France—but it is evident that the writer is still experimenting with his instrument and is not yet its master. His sentences have the outer form, but not the inner density and complexity of the true Proustian sentence. We do not feel them gradually enveloping, penetrating and transforming the object, extracting new meanings from it, or multiplying the angles from which it is seen.

MONSIEUR DE FALLOIS has declared that the novel "gets lost in the sand." I find this view hard to accept. It seems to me that there is marked development, that the later chapters are a good deal more mature than the earlier ones, that there are times when we almost catch the accent of the authentic Proust. This is what we should expect. If the dating of

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the novel is correct, the latter part must have been written when Proust had embarked on an intensive study of Ruskin whose work produced an extraordinary deepening of his experience, enabling him to discover himself in the fullest sense of the term.

When all is said, however, there remains an irreducible gap between the two books. *Jean Santeuil* is immensely fascinating, but its virtues are traditional. What we miss is quite simply 'the new vision.' It is an 'ordinary' novel in the sense that even the greatest French novels are ordinary: *Remembrance of Things Past* is 'extraordinary' in the sense that nothing like it had been written before, and it altered the whole perspective of European fiction.

In spite of its considerable merits, the main interest of *Jean Santeuil* lies in the light it throws on Proust's development. The publication of the notebooks will no doubt add to our knowledge on matters of detail, but since the appearance last year of the remarkable volume called *Contre Sainte-Beuve* ('Against Sainte-Beuve'), which is at present being translated into English, the main lines have become clear. M. de Fallois is certainly right in saying, as he does in his masterly introduction, that Proust wrote only one book, meaning that everything that went before was a preparation for *Remembrance of Things Past,* was part of the artistic 'vocation' which is its subject. *Pleasures and Regrets* was published in 1896, and in the story called "The End of Jealousy" we see the first appearance of what was to be one of Proust's major themes. This was followed by the attempt to write the great work, an attempt which was unsuccessful because the time had not yet come.

Proust then had a period of retrenchment which saw the translations of Ruskin and *Contre Sainte-Beuve.* This book, which was probably written between 1908 and 1910, is a mixture of autobiography, criticism and fiction, and is unlike anything Proust had done before except the essay called *Journées de lecture* ('Days of Reading') which formed the introduction to his translation of *Sesame and Lilies* in 1906 and was reprinted in *Pastiches et mélanges* ('Pastiches and other writings'). The main thesis is a plea for the non-rational in literature, and Sainte-Beuve is roundly condemned for the anecdotic method, for preferring the writer's everyday self to his profounder self which is the only one that matters to the artist. It is the work of some one who had not only assimilated Ruskin, but had learnt from Balzac as only one great writer can learn from another. The style is the style of the mature Proust. The Guermantes make their first appearance. Most important of all, the experiences associated with the *madeleine* and the paving stones are mentioned in the preface. There was only one thing to do. And Proust did it. Somewhere about 1910 he sat down and began to write *Remembrance of Things Past.*

Man's Necessary Encounter with the Other

JUSTICE. By Josef Pieper. Translated by Lawrence E. Lynch. Pantheon. $2.75.

By LEO R. WARD

ANY work by Josef Pieper has distinction of ideas and of style. Now, though we live or die by justice, justice is one of the topics that remain dry and forbidding in almost all ethical studies. It might appear that to pick it up and make it live, Plato had to become an extremist, and to make the treatment of it valid and directive, Aristotle had to turn it into straight lines like arithmetic. We might say that Dr. Pieper is doing both; he is picking it up as a living subject with relevance to our whole communal life, and yet is handling in a simple way a man's debts to others and "the act whereby for each man something becomes his due."

His aim is to present a model formulation of the image of justice, to develop the concept, especially with the help of Aquinas, as if it had just been born, and to bring it face to face with the contemporary world. It is a big concept and comes closer than any other to covering all virtue, and that is what Plato, for instance, and the Bible tend to make it do. The negative side of this is that if we had to sum up the iniquities and sufferings of our world in one word, we could do it best in the word "injustice."

Justice always encounters what Dr. Pieper calls the partner or the other and has to square things with the other. This other may be the state in relation to the citizen, or the citizen in relation to the state, or it may be a question of person-to-person justice. The problem will always come up anew since it is in the nature of communal life, to which we are committed, for men constantly to become indebted to one another and constantly to be paying off the debt. We want matters equilibrated, but we can approach that condition only by perpetually equilibrating. What this means is that "the fundamental condition of man and his world is provisory, temporary, non-definitive, tentative, as is proved by the patchwork character of all historical activity, and that, consequently, any claim to erect a definitive and unalterable order in the world must of necessity lead to something inhuman."

Besides, current despotisms make us smile at the notion of rights belonging "inalienably" to man. But to defend man we do and must hold to such rights. Which only means that, in spite of all dictators, and against Sartre's *Il n'y a pas de nature humaine,* man, human na-

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ture, the person exists with "freedom, imperishability, and responsiblity for the whole of the world." Dr. Pieper says with Aquinas that the human will cannot turn against the nature of things, least of all against man's own nature, and thereby make its action right and just.

Justice can never stand up by itself, but must be based on right. For example, the student has rights in relation to the teacher, not only in school with its implicit contract, but in all "schooling," at home or in the street or the army. He has at least the right not to be misled —a notion that must sound strange after a generation of dictators. But on what is right itself based? We may say with liberals and conservatives that it rests on man's dignity, his significance, his "rights," as if this brought us to something irreducible and primordial. Dr. Pieper says this, too, but he also goes with Aquinas in saying that man's rights issue in the long run from the creative act.

Of course, justice or injustice comes into play in outward acts; in paying or not paying money or honors to neighbor or parents or the common good; in slugging a fellow, in tale-telling, in making fun of people, and "the whole field of sexual aberration, not adultery and rape only, contains an element of injustice." This simple, quiet study, based on the Greeks and the Bible and Kant and above all on Aquinas, is the best little book there is on the great subject of justice.

A House Divided

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE. By Paul Bowles. Random House. $3.95.

By FRANK GETLEIN

BASICALLY, *The Spider's House* falls apart into two separate and—in the view of the author—equal parts. But within one of the parts may be found almost anything going in American letters today: violence, the masses, the revolt of subjected peoples and that revolt mischanneled by unbelieving leaders, the plight of the ex-communist American, the plight of the expatriate American, the stirrings of independence among "backward" people, sex, *ça va sans dire,* and sex as political symbol, a twist on the earlier fashion which used political activity, indeed, any activity, as sexual symbol, and just a flavoring of not only existentialism but, what is probably the best subdivision of the lot, North African existentialism.

The part indexed above gets introduced first in a mystery-novel prologue that is absolutely perfect of its kind. The Anglo-Saxon intellectual alone in an African city, Fez, at night; mysterious stirrings in the air; a journey through blackness with a speechless native guide: beautiful atmosphere and completely wasted. This little gem of a prologue ends with the literal opening of a door and fadeout. When we finally return to the door and what is behind it, we have lost interest in the intellectual, Stenham, and our interest is never regained. Stenham is an American in Morocco, a writer, a student of the Moslem mind, enchanted by a North African noble-savage concept, troubled by questions of his own reason for living.

Between the opening of the door and our return to the other side of it, we have ignored Stenham and his problems to concentrate on an authentic noble savage, Amar, the adolescent son of a devout Moslem family. The passages on Amar, his own awareness of difference between himself and his forebears, himself and his contemporaries, are first-rate. For all one knows, the whole treatment of Amar may be pure fabrication, though it's unlikely. The point is, it rings true, which the passages on Stenham, presumably more within the author's experience, do not. After the initial suspense-piece—little more, after all, than a very expert, mechanical performance—Stenham, like an old soldier, just fades away into expatriate, ex-Communist, existentialist generalities, with sex on the side, as symbol. Amar, from beginning to end, is real and living, despite the author's determined efforts to burden him with symbolic values.

Stenham, who, eventually, meets Amar and tries to establish a commitment, also meets Lee Veyron, an American divorcee travelling alone. Mme. Veyron means nothing at all, but Stenham falls into bed with her and the hell with the higher values of the desert at sunset. The three, along with a friend of Amar's, go off to a Moslem sacred feast in a sacred city, where all the symbolic trains reach their termini together, but by that time the reader doesn't care what happens. Sex and violence are flourishing; Amar is, with injected symbolism, disillusioned with Stenham and the West; and the reader wants only to get back to the real Amar of the earlier chapters.

It breaks with the rules to say so, but Paul Bowles, here, writes beautifully of that which he knows at second hand and inadequately of that which is his own.

Maid of Honor

THE RETRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC. By Régine Pernoud. Translated by J. M. Cohen. Foreword by Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.75.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

MME. Régine Pernoud, a distinguished French scholar and writer, has undertaken to translate from the voluminous Latin transcript of Quicherat the pertinent proceedings of the rehabilitation trial of Joan of Arc. This trial took place twenty years after the Maid's death at the insistence of Charles VII, and completely destroyed the false case that had been built up against her. The witnesses for Joan spoke of her good character, her holy life as the leader of the king's army, of the degradations to which she was subjected in prison. The pressure exerted on the judges and notaries was revealed. Particularly important were the irregularities in the staging of the original trial, and the fact that Joan, a supposedly condemned heretic, was allowed to receive the

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Last Sacraments. The inquiries covered a period of six years. Finally, at Rouen, in 1456, the Maid of Orleans was declared free of all heretical stain.

Although the general outline of the rehabilitation is well known, Madame Pernoud's carefully selected material makes available for the first time in English the documented testimony of the men and women who appeared to clear Joan's name. And in what numbers they came! Fifteen hundred witnesses gathered in various parts of France to testify. Reading the account of the way in which noblemen, country folk, soldiers and churchmen flocked to the summons to come speak for the Maid is like watching a medieval painting take life. Hurrying across the countryside they crowd around the inquisitor, crying out: "I often saw Joan the Maid . . . . I saw Joan once on Laetare Sunday . . . . I saw Joan at Vaucouleurs . . . . I lived in that tower (Couldray) with Joan . . . . I saw Joan, bathed in tears." And over and over again: "She was a good girl, simple, sweet and chaste."

Her bitterest enemies were dead by the time of the second inquiry; nevertheless, the wintry specter of Cauchon stalked through the courtroom in his careless, cruel words to the English after Joan's condemnation: "Farewell, farewell, it is done. Be of good cheer." Others were still living, but those who had been her malefactors remembered nothing. It is in the repetitions, piled one upon the other by those who loved and admired her, that the true character of what was done to Joan is revealed. The shame heaped upon the holy and forthright girl can only be assessed in the light of what she was and of what manner of men planned her death (or, like Charles, forebore to stop it).

If in her original trial Joan's voice rang clear and strong, its echo at the rehabilitation proceedings is not at all ghostlike. When a witness declares that upon being proved right on a point "she was greatly elated and said that if Boisguillaume made another mistake she would pull his ears," one is instantly aware of the Joan whom the soldiers loved. When another tells of her cry, "Oh, you write down everything that is against me, all right, but you will not record anything in my favor," one quickly senses the alert peasant mind. This is indeed the girl who directed her monarch, who led an army, who answered her judges "with great wisdom."

There is no accounting for Joan of Arc on a natural level and it was one of the virtues of the rehabilitation suit that, as the author remarks, "it permitted the light to shine" and threw open the affair "to new developments," the probing of the possibility of her sanctity. It is difficult, too, for the twentieth-century mind to grasp the importance of her mission. Madame Pernoud has furthered the understanding of Joan's historical role in the setting of the scene and in her discussion of the medieval mind, but most particularly in the running commentary which binds her work firmly together.

Joan the Maid, unique figure that she is, will inevitably continue to inspire the imagination of writers and dramatists. They will be hard put to it to produce a work more absorbing than Mme. Régine Pernoud's. She has, in a most readable fashion, captured the flow and sweep of medieval life and pointed up through her selection of testimony the continuing dynamism of the Saint.

Feet of Clay

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $2.75.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

PERHAPS if the flyer on the dust-jacket had not recalled *Point Counter Point* Mr. Huxley's

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latest novel would be less disappointing. For that was one of the few great sociological English novels—it is a *genre* at which Russians, French and Americans do better—and it "typed" the Bohemia of the twenties for all time. But *The Genius and the Goddess* couldn't be less like, couldn't recall it less. It is a *nouvelle,* exquisitely written, with that merciless compassion of which Mr. Huxley is a master. But it is a stretched anecdote, told in a thoroughly Maughamian technique —the fellow at the club telling a good yarn, while showing in his suffering face the traces of weather-beaten beauty. It is *not* a novel, not even a long short-story. It is a ghostly copy of *Death in Venice,* thirty years out of date.

John Rivers, a brilliant budding physicist, virgin at twenty-eight, the only son and support of his tapioca-pudding-minded mother, widow of a Lutheran minister, gets his first job as assistant to Henry Maartens, a scientific genius, whose wife Katy, "the most beautiful woman I ever saw," their daughter Ruth, with a liberal education—"a bit too liberal as it turned out later"—and Timmy, a small boy given to swearing and reserved to die in special agony at Okinawa, made up the family John Rivers needed. They were all agnostics; they lived in St. Louis; and to be with them was very heaven. Mr. Huxley subjects them all to his microscope. Henry Maartens was having an attack of asthma when first met; he dies at eighty-seven, in the satisfied arms of his third wife. He was a clockwork monkey, with an undiminished blaze of intellectual power, and "all four of him, fetus, genius, half-wit and hungry lover" were "empty of God, swept clean of common manhood, and garnished like a Christmas tree, with glittering notions." Katy is a goddess, beyond good and evil, Hera turned milkmaid with a mind.

The story, or plot, is simplicity itself: John falls in love with Katy, but chastely: she is Beatrice to him, and Laura. "It was passion, but it was also chastity and both at white heat. Passion and Chastity. . . At sixty, one forgets what the words stand for." The wretched Ruth, a gangly fifteen, sucking her Poe-esque fears like lollipops, all-day suckers, falls in love with John. Katy has to go to Chicago to nurse a sick mother, and in her absence the household falls apart. Henry cannot live without Katy. Drunk, he confides in the innocent John who is utterly horrified. Poor Ruth does her lamentable little best too, while Henry fakes an attempted suicide and collapses into an oxygen tent. Katy comes home, and Beulah, the cook, knows there will be no miracle, for three weeks nursing her mother have turned Katy into a ghost. She is abandoned "not by God (for she was congenitally incapable of monotheism) but by the gods, all of them, from the little domestic lares and penates to the high Olympians." She must, female Anteus, touch earth again, and of course—how did you guess? —the earth she touches is John's virgin body.

John is shocked, enchanted, utterly confused, and the more he tries to discuss it with Katy, the

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more radiantly happy and well she becomes.

After her death John gradually comes to see that what Katy had was grace, and that she gave grace —the grace of life to her husband, the grace of understanding to her John. The book's theme is the "Unknown Quantity" which at "one end of the spectrum is pure spirit, the Clear Light of the Void, at the other end is health, is instinct, is the perfect functioning of an organism that's infallible so long as we don't interfere with it."

Two interesting problems: why is Katy not given a choice? She simply *is;* is the Earth-Mother, is Mrs. Bloom, is Demeter, is Danae. But then, that, as Mr. Huxley points out, is after all God's own definition of Himself, that He is: I am Who am. But poor Katy cannot, it seems, graduate from the level of animal grace. Henry Maartens is condemned, for he has short-changed both Katy and his Creator, but Katy never gets offered even a peach (à la Blake) let alone the hierarchic apple. And the other problem: how does one clamber from one level of grace, from the animal to the human to "what St. Paul called Christ—the divine made human"? Ruth, who won't even accept the animal, *is* totally graceless; Katy, who *is* the animal has grace, but still suffers an animal's gory end, a punishment as unexplained and unjust as that of the fox dismembered by hounds, or of the crow spliced by barbed-wire. No one even glimpses the transfigured universe, though it is about them all, dazzling, blinding. "Maybe it's just a question of being in love with God" says John Rivers, adding "But that is neither here nor there." Or maybe it's a question of loving both God *and* His universe.

REVIEWERS

Father Leo R. Ward of Notre Dame is the author of *Christian Ethics.*

Frank Getlein writes frequently for The Commonweal, *Today,* and other magazines.

Elizabeth Bartelme is on the staff of a New York publishing house.

Anne Fremantle, a contributing editor of The Commonweal, recently edited *Christmas Is Here.*

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